

had the evil of human flesh to overcome. He was tempted in all points as we are yet He was so filled with the Spirit and so consecrated to His labor that he could victoriously say—"I have overcome the world." If we are "hid with Christ in God and follow his example we may overcome the world and sing with glad voices—"Faith is the victory." In attending the house of God, "as His custom was," He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day to worship, and if this example were followed by more professed Christians the church of Christ would become even stronger in spiritual strength and in service to God. In ministering love, we behold Him among the disciples "as one that serveth," and going into sorrowing homes and restoring to life loved ones. What greater act of ministering love could He have wrought than raising Lazarus and the widow's son and forgiving and saving a Magdalene or a Simon. In baptism, a voluntary act, He went down into the water and was *dipped* and thus became an example for all and must be followed by all who would scripturally get into Christ. If Christ then is our example in all things why not accept Him as our example in the observance of the ordinances of the church, the holy triune communion. If the Holy Spirit leads us to follow Him in every other way of truth, then the same Spirit will lead me to obey Him in all things whatsoever He has commanded me. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." Great is the reward of all who conform to Christ's example. Eternal happiness, blessedness, because we know and do the things that are pleasing in His sight. Let Christ be our example in all things and He will thro the Holy Spirit direct us into all truth.

Home Circle

A BOY AND A FILE

Youth's Companion.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—"gumption," it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out in the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy wanted.'"

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy? I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"O!" said the man with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh," he said quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file."

WOULD YOU DO IT?

Canadian Churchman.

"Oh, Tom! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You didn't know your piece Sunday. I'd learn a thing 'fore I tried to speak it, if I were you."

Ned Day said this in his mother's hearing, as she sat by the window, although Ned did not know she was there. Tom Harris, who was passing, shook his fist at Ned and said some angry words in reply to the teasing speech.

"Ned," called mamma, and Ned came into the room.

"If Tom had cut his hand and it was

just beginning to get well would you tear off the bandage and pull open the sore place?" she asked, gravely.

"Of course not," said Ned, surprised. He did not think he could do anything so cruel. He always said he did not like to see any one suffer pain.

"I hope not," mamma replied, "but you have just been doing something very much like that. Tom, I am sure, felt sorry and ashamed over his failure last Sunday before so many people. By this time, perhaps, the hurt in his feelings may have begun to heal a little, but you have torn it open by your teasing and unkind words. I think myself that this is worse than Tom's failure, for he hurt no one but himself. You have been cruel to another."

"I never thought about it that way," said Ned, feeling ashamed.

"But that is the right way, and you must think."

"I WOULD RATHER SING"

Unknown.

An eight-year-old child with a cut in her hand was brought to a physician. It was necessary for the best results, to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair and was gently admonished by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor, kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "You may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.

"All right; that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing 'Give said the little stream.' Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor. "How does it begin?"

The little patient proceeded to illustrate.

"That's beautiful," said the doctor. "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skillful fingers were sewing up the wound the sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room and the only tear shed on the occasion came from the eyes of the mother.

It is, I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for us all to try singing instead.

A GIRL'S BROTHER

Exchange.

Two girls were walking behind me, and one said to the other, after recounting a series of misdeeds committed by some dreadful boy:

"Aren't brothers just horrid, and don't they do mean things?"